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IMPRESSIONS

BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM

KD 10464

**IMPRESSIONS
ABROAD IN 1913**



The Alhambra comes first, with its halls and its towers,
Its intricate lace-work and fair lady's bowers.

IMPRESSIONS

BY
BEATRICE B. BERNHEIM



THE VAIL-BALLOU CO.
200 5TH AVE., NEW YORK

KD 10464

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EN VOYAGE

Our ship set sail for foreign shores
With the heavens dark and grey,
And the fog-horn blew while we watched the
crew
Doing its work that day.

The fishes were fed the first day out
And our hearts were very sad,
For our stomachs were weak, and in vain did
we seek
For the food which would make us glad.

'Tis our eighth day out, and from then till now
Our skies have been most fair.
The company fine, the air divine,
And our comfort—our steamer chair.

At ten o'clock on Saturday morn
We passed the Azore Isles.
The fields were tilled, and the gardens filled
With the works of the Maker Wise.

There was Mt. Pico all crowned with snow,
And the old Dutch mills in the winds did blow.
Our ship sailed on with majestic pride
For than our good captain there's no better
guide.

Our moonlight dance was jolly and gay;
For the girls and the beaux had their
tête-à-tête.

To-day being calm and the waters blue,
The dolphins large through the ocean flew.
The turtles light on the waters came,
And the porpoise turned in search of game.

MADEIRA

Madeira fair now came into view,
And the sight was grand to see.
A mountain high with peak in the sky
And many boats on the sea.
Far and wide where the eye could reach
Were gardens of wondrous hue;
And the white-washed homes of the natives there
Served to enhance the view.
We were taken to shore in a large steam launch,
And as we ascended the stairs
The natives gazed on us curiously
With our graces and our airs.
Some oxen carts conveyed us now
To a railroad small but neat,
And as we ascended that mountain high
The children threw flowers sweet
In the laps of all, and at the feet of many,
Asking only in return—"Please give me a
penny."
Down the mountain we came on a toboggan slide
And never, oh never, will we forget that ride.
We heaved a sigh and said, "Thank God!"
When safe to the bottom we came;
For we surely can tell of a mighty plot,
And a Portuguese "Bunco" game.
At four P. M. our ship sailed on
And this very pleasurable day was gone.

GIBRALTAR

Gibraltar, the wonderful picturesque rock
Which to countless invaders gave setback and
shock,
Young sons of old England, you may well swell
with pride
At your flower-laden fortress which can't be
defied.

The streets, although narrow, are teeming with
life
And all is most peaceful: no one thinks of
strife.
The Spaniard, the Arab, the Turk and the Moor
Are comrades and good-fellows,—we trust
evermore.

The shops are most interesting—laces galore!
The feminine sex ever crying for more.
We're sailing for Tangiers of far Eastern fame,
Will tell of it later: we're "Cooks" now in
name.

EN ROUTE TO TANGIERS

Mustapher (our guide), Arab swarthy and tall,
Six feet in his boots (entertainer of all),
Philosopher, too, with intelligent face,
And white flowing garments of wonderful
grace.

Dark hills of Africa, both gloomy and grand,
Can you tell of the Moors whom behind you do
stand
Huntsmen, horsemen, leather-workers, engravers
and guides?
Let us hear of the lion who comes down from
your sides
When the shadows of evening on this planet do
fall,
And seeks the cool waters from the tank—
without fail.

To Tangiers we come, but from far and from
near,
Our senses are numbed by the noises we
hear.
The Moors have come out in small boats on the
bay,
Their chatter and quarrel cause us much dis-
may.

Our ride on the donkeys through streets dirty
and narrow,
With hundreds of beggars all wailing their
sorrow,
The picturesque country, the foreign legations,
The interesting market with wares of all na-
tions,
The clean Jewish quarter which formed quite a
contrast
To the stench and the filth of *old* Tangiers
just past.
The Café at night with its queer Moorish band
Formed a fitting finale to this Oriental land.

ALGECIRAS

Algeciras, the old Spanish seaport town,
See the Reina Cristina—its gardens are renowned!

Its glorious geraniums banked high in the air,
Roses, palms, heliotrope in our faces do stare.
The date and the fig tree, the nut and the vine,
A paradise on earth are these gardens divine.

The heavens filled with countless myriads of stars,

The calm of the waters, the lights from afar,
All go to make up a most charming resort
For health, peace and comfort, and excellent sport.

Both tennis and golf, fishing, boating and bathing

And even "roulette" lends its charm in the evening.

EN ROUTE FROM ALGECIRAS TO RONDA

The old Moorish arch on our journey to Ronda,
And the cork trees "en route" make our
hearts ever fonder
Of dear sunny Spain, with its mountains and
cattle
And hedges of cactus all ready for battle.

Ronda itself standing high in the air
With rapturous gaze on its mountains we
stare.
The old town so quaint with its bull-ring and
churches,
Moorish and Roman relics for which everyone
searches.

The views are a continuous moving picture,
The heavily burdened mules are surely a fix-
ture.
The place is so beautiful, the hotel so fine,
We could linger a month—if we only had
time.

GRANADA

Granada the beautiful, Granada the great!

With the luscious Pomegranate on the city's
old gate!

No words in my vocabulary are fit to describe

Its gardens and palaces, its churches and
drives.

The Alhambra comes first, with its halls and its
towers,

Its intricate lace-work and fair lady's bowers.

No words can express the emotion I feel

When I gaze on these walls now beginning to
peel

After nine hundred years of peace and of strife

But for these finely woven patterns give no
signs of life.

We feel the Moors' presence in each step we take,

And can faintly watch his boat glide along the
small lake.

After him came the Spaniard who covered up his
art,

He was fiercer and stronger—but was lacking
in heart.

The Catucian monastery, the Cathedral, Colum-
bus monument and Generalifé,

The Gypsy quarters, Sacro Monte, all pass
like a whiff

Of unalloyed rapture, and we turn almost pale
When our ears hear the song of the sweet
 nightingale.

'Tis paradise for him, this garden of love,
And he gives forth his notes as he soars high
 above.

The trees all like giant sentinels stand:
We are loath to depart from this wonderful
 land.

CORDOVA

In years past Cordova was great: then the Moors
 held their sway.

The "Great Mosque" is all that is left here
 to-day to tell us the tale of their greatness.
The Mosque with its eight hundred columns, and
 numberless arches,

Its mosaics in stone, and figures in marble and
 bronzes
Overawes us, and we say with sincerity
 That the art and the grace of the Moor will go
 down to posterity.



The Mosque with its eight hundred columns, and numberless arches.

SEVILLE

Of all Spanish cities Seville's the most gay ;
Both laughter and frolic, by night and by day.
Its women are fair, and its men are most courtly ;
The crowds on the corners ever arguing hotly.
The women selling papers and frying hot cakes,
The men on their donkeys the produce do take
From their farms in the country to the city to
sell,
While the poor little children only flatter too
well.
They constantly beg, and call all of us "fair,"
Expecting in return a bright coin for their
share.
The Cathedral most wonderful! Please ask
them to show
The statuettes of marble and works of Murillo,
The tomb of Columbus, and that of Mendoza,
The sonorous pipe-organ which gives music
and echo.
The Hospital des Caridad which was bequeathed
to the city,
Now the old poor within hardly need our great
pity,
For their gardens are fine and their cots of great
purity

Attended at all times by sweet Sisters of
Charity.
The Indian Archives containing works of Col-
umbus,
The Roman Italica completely surprises us.

Fête-day in Seville is happy and bright,
Confetti and flowers end only with night!
Then the dancers begin, and their beauty and
grace
Make us sigh at the thought of leaving this
place.

MADRID

Oh, stately city of Royalty, thou art in truth
Madrid!

Thy buildings and thy palaces with art a store-
house fills.

Escorial, the burial-place of all the kings of
Spain,

A picture of Sierra-stone with mountains for
a frame.

The tapestries and works of art in this great
castle cold

Could many a tale of horror tell if their stories
they'd unfold.

Toledo with its history of wealth of Moors and
Jews,

Who later were all treated like the bulls are
now—most rude.

The situation's picturesque—built on a moun-
tain high,

And what a wondrous scope there is for an
artistic eye!

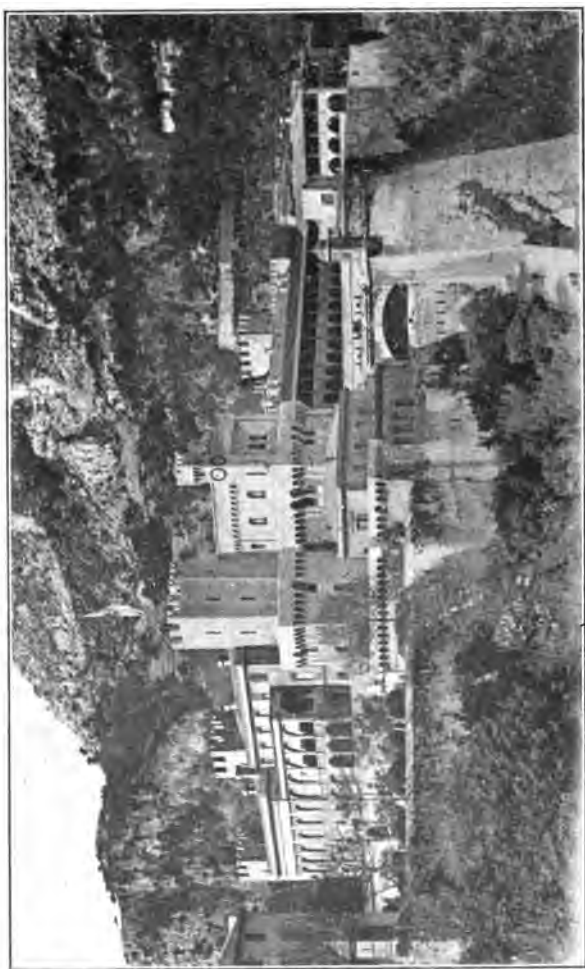
The great Cathedral with its altars of marble
and of wood,

Its cape all made of solid pearls, should be
given to do good.

If Spain would give the wealth now stored in
her Cathedral vaults
To aid some worthy charity, how well she'd
play her part.

BARCELONA

A busy city on the Mediterranean shore,
With bird and flower-markets, and shops galore.
Nothing to tempt the stranger's eye
Except Tibidabo perched on high,
'Twixt heaven and earth, with the clouds below,
Giving a view of the city, tho' we come and go
To climes far and near, we will surely not find
Anything to surpass or to equal—'tis divine!



Monaco, the princely estate on the hill.

THE RIVIERA

From Marseilles to Cannes is a glorious ride
On high mountains, through quaint towns, by
the sea we glide.

We view 'twixt the mountains the deep ravines,
And through the vistas can the waters be seen
Of the blue Mediterranean with coloring sub-
lime,

While roses and geraniums on the high walls
do climb.

From Cannes to Nice are many fine scenes,
And the city of Nice and its environs are
dreams

Of fairyland realized.

The Victoria statue with features so true

Is to this gracious queen no more than her due.

From Nice to Menton, oh, glorious ride!

With wondrous beauties on every side.

Monaco, the princely estate on the hill,

The great Castle and Oceanograph could a
whole volume fill.

This Prince in his museum has given to the land

A source of enjoyment and instruction so
grand

That no monument to his memory, however so
fine

Could give the same service to all human kind.

Monte Carlo, how can I describe your great
beauty!

Your luxuriant flowers and shrubs of great
rarity.

Your hotels and Casino, Mon Dieu! how im-
mense,

And the great gaming salon with faces intense :
A picture in itself, with the sea for a setting,
And the hundreds of thousands who yearly do
betting.

A climate very fine and living most comfortable,
A princely abode for those who are able.
From Monte Carlo to Genoa the eye feasts aye
ever

On the flowers and fruits of the Italian
Riviera.

The sea here a velvety softness doth show,
In the background the peaks are oft covered
with snow.

GENOA

On stately heights proud Genoa stands,
And views with airy grace
The ships which come from foreign lands
And bringing every race.

'Twas here that the great man was born
Who braved the storm and tide
To find our land of liberty
And later was sore tried.

The "Campos Santo" on the hill,
(A City of the dead),
So famous for its monuments
And wondrous flower-beds.

The figures all of finest bronze
And satin-marble made,
Form fitting tribute to the forms
Within these vaults now laid.

GENOA TO NAPLES

Our ship sails on across the sea
To reach fair Naples' shore,
En route we pass by Elba Isle,
Which makes our hearts grow sore.
It brings to mind Napoleon,
Whose life we all do know,
A General and an Emperor . . .
Alas! he fell so low.
His fate shows us that all our pride
Is though as naught—at last
Our errors ever seal our fate.
Alas! our good deeds pass
And are forgotten by the world
Who fawned on us before.
Our hope must ever be in God . . .
He will forsake us ne'er.

NAPLES

Neopolitan, Cosmopolitan city on the bay,
Whose hues are vari-colored and whose boats
sail all the day,
Thy people are a merry crowd, who love their
fun and laughter,
Their music fills the very air: a memory ever
after.
Thy busy streets with jostling crowds of
hawkers and of venders,
Of pretty girls and noisy boys, and many
hoary menders,
Who ply their trades 'midst filth, with vim; and
by the alley walls
Our rapturous gaze is turned upon the many
flower stalls.
The roses and carnations are as plentiful in
Naples
As in our own dear native land are our Sep-
tember apples.
And strange to say, the very thing for an artistic
eye
Is line on line of drying wash, which hangs
'twixt earth and sky.
So close is this, that should a person need some
extra laundry,
His neighbors' wash might help him out and
come in very handy.

The wondrous excavations from near-by Pompeii
brought
Are surely marvels in themselves of Greek and
Roman art.
The great white gods and goddesses—all stand-
ing here in line
Do make us wish we could have lived in that
now ancient time.



And last of all, the lava'd dead (so silent and so gruesome).

POMPEII

Pompeii itself so silent now, just near volcanic
zone,

Gives us a thrill of painful joy its scenes to
gaze upon.

Its streets so silent, walls so dumb, and columns
line on line,

In Forum and in Stadium, and numerous
shops of wine,

Its pavements of mosaics made, its walls with
frescoes covered.

Its fountains and its statues fine, its chests
where wealth once hovered,

And last of all, the lava'd dead (so silent and so
gruesome),

Their agonizing look in death, their forms and
features handsome.

Our thoughts revert to that sad night when all
were mute in slumber,

A night which brought no morning to all those
countless numbers.

AMALFI ROAD

Amalfi drive of ever changing scene,
Thy mountain roads and orchards with chasms
in between.

Thy villages of fisher-folk and faggot-bearers
old,

Thy happy children standing by and singing
from their souls.

Sorrento with its flowers and fruits and charm-
ing villas will

Forever hold us in her thrall, our hearts with
rapture fill.

Her music and her dancing girls, and band of
happy singers

Will make us love dear Italy; and in our mind
still lingers

The memory of that happy band who met us on
the shore

And sang with us, and laughed with us, until
the midnight hour.

CAPRI

The sea was calm, the day was bright, the skies
had azure hue,

The mountain tints were green and grey, the
Grotto wondrous blue!

A sapphire set in platinum can best describe this
cavern:

Within the cave, beneath the depths the sil-
very fishes oft were seen.

SULPHUTARA

A short way from Naples there's a mountain
far famed

For its sulphurous vapors and smoke without
flame:

Its strata is white, its activity great,

Its sand's boiling hot and its steam waters
make

A noise like a cauldron when boiling quite fast;

The earth's very thin: how long will it last?

Is a question we ask ourselves as we gaze on it.

Let us hope for the best and pass on without
comment

To the baths of old Nero and the tomb of Agrip-
pina,

To the cliff where Tiberius flung his guests
after dinner.

And last, but not least, "Grotta Nuova di
Posilipo,"

Which leads on to Rome, and where we will
soon follow.

ROME

How can I describe thee, Oh city of Rome,
With thy fountains and churches, and beautiful gardens,
Thy ancient ruins of Forum and baths,
Thy Capitol and Coliseum and Catacombs weird.
Thy tombs of the saints, and bones of the martyrs,
Thy palaces, bridges and finely carved statues,
Thy arches and monuments, galleries and drives,
Thy picturesque rag-market—where everyone buys.
Thy Vatican famous, and St. Peter's grand,
And most affecting of all, the Pope as he stands
On the courtyard's small balcony blessing the pilgrims.
The band playing hymns, while the many small children
Come to do the Pope homage with songs of sweet sound,
And the thousands of pilgrims who kneel on the ground.
All these and many more are thy attractions,
Oh, Rome!
Thy surroundings all beckon the tourist to come!

ROME TO PERUGIA

From Rome to Perugia, the scenes are most
grand,

The clear Tiber river flowing all through the
land.

The fields are most fertile: the wheat and the
corn

Showing signs of great industry.

The oxen with long horns so contented do stand
by the waters to drink,

While the old Roman towns on the precipice
brink

Form a picture so charming that we fain would
here linger

And commune with the Lord who of all things
is maker.

THE LAKES

In and out through the Lakes we glide,
With beauties of nature on every side.
Mountains covered with verdure green,
While lovely villas through the shrubs are
seen.
Gardens filled with fruits and flowers,
While high above, the grey watch-towers
Remind us of the days that are past,
And as time creeps on they're decaying fast.
The peasants with their baskets seem of ancient
date
As they bend 'neath their burdens of vegetable
freight.
Now snow capped tops do come into view,
And "the mountains are robed in their azure
hue."
The waters are ever as smooth as glass,
And the fishes are sporting as we pass.

TRAIN TRIP

Up, up, round the mountain we go,
Till we almost reach those caps of snow.
The scene below is like fairyland:
Blue Como lake: boats quaintly manned.
Over deep abysses, through tunnels dark,
We wend our way through this dreamland
park,
Where the grape, the fig, the magnolia and the
cherry
All vie with each other to make us merry.

GERMANY

Oh, Germany! though swelled with pride
What blame do we put on thee?
For when through thy vast land we ride,
Great wonders do we see.

Thy fields are tilled, thy forests fine,
Thy people ever working;
Thy factories and mineral mines
Show wealth on all sides lurking.

MÜNCHEN

München, thy people hold most dear
Thy "Hof Brau" jugs of foaming beer.
With "wurst and käse" and pretzels brown
Contentment reigns throughout the town,
Thy *art* holds sway on every side,
Thy *music*, the German nation's pride.
With Lenbach, Spitzweg, Fluggen, Heysé,
Thy fame will never fade away.

LAKE LEMAN

Lake Leman with thy waters so green,
Thy villages and mountains, a most picturesque scene.

On the Swiss side, Lousanna, Montreaux, Ter-
ritet:

On the French, Evian, with its fine "Source
Cachet."

Thy vineyards smile on us for miles upon miles,
While Chillon's old castle forbids us to smile.

We think of that prisoner of old in the story
Who lived there in solitude, age bent and
hoary.

Who when free'd from his chains, was so down-
cast and gloomy,

Preferred a home here, than outside to be
lonely.

The bird gave him comfort and bade him hope
on.

It cheered with its presence and notes of sweet
song.

When our lives are most lonely and we would
despair,

Sing out like the bird, God's praise every-
where:

It will help us to bear all our burdens in life,
And cheerfully go on our way till the night.

AIX LE BAINS

I'm penning these lines from Aix
Where we're taking the "Cure."
The baths with massage are luxurious,
The water's most pure.
The town lies deep in the valley
With picturesque mountains around.
The air's very fine, and the climate's so dry,
The rain quickly sinks in the ground.
The Hotels are all very good,
The people most friendly and kind.
A stranger at once feels at home in this place:
A pleasanter spot you'll never find.
The Lake, too, is not far away,
Just ten minutes or so, when you drive;
And should you row over to the mountainous
side
The waters with fish seem alive.
The centre of life's in the Casino—most grand!
To describe it would need quite some art;
For the many amusements we see on all sides,
Are for old and for young to take part.
On the balcony side is the children's theatre
Where the young ones in numbers oft hover.
For the old there are seats of great comfort and
ease,
The garden's there, too, for the lover.

There are concerts at night, and operas and
plays,
And fire-works, too, twice a week,
And gaily dressed dames in fashion's late style,
And gambling for those who so seek.
They seek it in voluminous numbers
Till the world is well wrapt in its slumbers.
Our Chauncey Depew of "post-prandial fame"
Stands smilingly watching this interesting
game;
And Otera, the queen of all Spanish dancers,
Sits radiant—expectantly taking her chances.
'Tis as needles to a magnet—all races are
drawn,
The amusement is great: in moderation no
harm.
Who depart from this place are all glad to re-
turn.
Its attractions and pleasures in our minds will
still burn
When many other sights have faded from view.
Aix le Bains, with much sadness, we bid thee
adieu!

LUCERNE

Thy charms are manifold, Lucerne,
Thy lake hath wondrous beauty.
Thy Lion carved in mountain stone,
Shows sons of valiant duty.

Thy glacier gardens interesting
To all, both young and old,
Thy panorama, and the maze
Doth make us pause—though bold.

Thy mountains in the distance seen
With crests well filled with snow,
While waterfalls and cascades grand
Form rivers far below.

Oh, Switzerland!—forever free!
Who can to thee compare?
Thy people ever frank and bold,
Their motto “Do and dare.”

At twilight hour we wend our way
Unto the old church grey,
To hear the sonorous organ there
Its heavenly notes to play.

One moment thrilled with thund'rous sound,
The next with voices sweet,
Then distant echo fills the air
And makes the charm complete.

THE "JUNGFRAU"

"Thou art so near and yet so far,"
 Bedecked in white like a bridal queen.
Thou'rt proud and stately, tall and fair,
 And lovers are guarding thee well, I ween.

Thou'rt cold to all, though sought by many,
 And thy icy stare makes them tremble with
 fear;
For thy fame is great, thy achievements many,
 Thou'rt fit for any high-born peer!

Thou'rt fickle, thou Princess of the air,
 Spoilt by flattery and by praise;
And when thy costume changes hourly,
 They stand confused with rapturous gaze.

At dawn thy dress is azure blue,
 At noon thou'rt pink as roses;
When twilight falls, 'tis silver white,
 And grey when earth reposes.

And e'en as age creeps on with years,
 Thou'lt ever hold thy sway;
Tho' white with age, thou'rt youthful still,
 A "Jungfrau" then as always.

**IMPRESSIONS
OF
AMERICA'S GREAT SOUTHWEST
IN 1915**

With happy hearts and many farewells
We start on our Western journey.
We have many miles to cover—we know,
But we don't expect to be lonely;
For our minds are full of the sights we'll see,
And we're happy to be together:
'Tho sun may shine and winds may blow,
We'll never mind the weather.



We stand and gaze upon thee,
Thou pigmies of the earth.

SEARS, ROEBUCK—CHICAGO

A park, some buildings, and a base-ball field,
Enter yon door, and many wonders are revealed:
Twelve thousand souls at constant toil,
Perfect regulation, and no turmoil.
The orders come in many thousands a day,
They're executed promptly and without delay.
The faces are happy, and contentment reigns;
In consequence, the business shows constant
 gains.
Success to you men who have given the blend
Of *will* and *brain* to achieve this end.

“EN ROUTE”

Through the Kansas country we steadily go
Until we reach the land of the Navajo.
Their adobe houses are built of clay;
Their horses lean, their attire gay.
They weave unique rugs, and engrave much fine
silver.
They make pretty baskets, and sell bow and
quiver.
Their faces are sad, and they seem to realize
The power of the race whom we call civilized.
Do they sigh for the days that have passed? Who
can tell?
They will join the Great Spirit, at the last, with
a happy farewell.

THE PAINTED FOREST

Giant trees of an extinct forest,
Fallen low to earth,
Petrified in rainbow colors,
Symbolizing gladness—mirth.
Although dead, they've bloomed anew,
Showing the immortal problem true.

GRAND CANYON

Surpassing description! in coloring sublime!
Ever changing in hue, perfection its clime.
Its proportions immense, two hundred and
eighty miles long!
Below runs the river, and sings its sweet song.
On Hermit-Rim drive, the views are a pleasure,
Hopi Point, Majiore, and old Alligator.
On the temples of old, we gaze with much awe:
Budda, Cheops, Isis, Zoroaster, and Shiva.
In the distance we see feudal castles and halls,
Soldiers' camps, coliseums, and great citadels.
Nature the greatest of artists has sketched with
her brush
A picture so great, others seem quite unjust.
The sunset sends its glow o'er rocks, crags and
clay,
The mist-curtain arises—tends to color it grey.
The purple of evening falls slowly o'er all.
Day's fast disappearing, we all stand enthralled!
The moon-light falls slowly o'er this vast abyss,
While the dew-drops dance lithely—giving many
a kiss.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Out of the desert of sand and sage-brush,
We enter an enchanted land :
Palms, acacia, palmettos, oranges,
Revealing nature's bountiful hand.
On the drive to Rubidoux,
Almond trees with blossoms covered,
Orchards many miles in length,
Birds of beauty near us hovered.
Indian schools—five hundred red-skins
Learning white man's education.
Are they happy? Not at all so.
Two thirds return to reservation.
Drive to Smiley Heights, and Redlands
Baffles my descriptive powers :
Every inch of field and road-way
Filled with blossoms and with flowers.

LOS ANGELES

Hail to the city of beautiful homes,
Abounding in comfort, I ween.
We grant thee the laurel, and give thee the palm,
We greet thee, and crown thee the queen!

SAN DIEGO—CORONADO

We leave the light-house of San Pedro
While the twilight is falling around,
And the sun is sinking to rest in the west,
As the sea-gulls fly up and down.
The Pacific is calm as its name implies,
And the moon shines bright in star-lit skies.

Coronado—a crown on the ocean's shore
Lies near San Diego—just at her door.
To enter the harbor is no easy task,
For it winds like a snake and forbids one to pass.
Fort Rosecrans with its many large guns
Protects from Point Loma, America's sons.
To the home of Ramona we drive with much
pleasure,
And wander around this quaint place at our
leisure.

Its queer architecture, its garden with patio,
Its ancient tiles, and old Spanish curios,
Its little low rooms with windows close barred,
Its *wish-well*, and *oven* just in the backyard,
Lend interest to the place where this maiden was
wed.

We in vain strive to find her in each flower bed.
We would fain ease her life of its woe and its
care,
And grant only love to Ramona so fair.

PASADENA

A garden of flowers and fruit trees,
Constructed by man's own hand,
But nourished and nurtured by nature,
Too wondrous to understand.
The picturesque country surrounding
With a back-ground of dark lowering hills,
Old Baldie sits there in the sunlight,
With rapturous gaze we are thrilled.
The snow never fades from his fair radiant brow,
While the purples of sunset paint him quite regal
now.
The fair dames of fashion oft frequent this place,
And their heads are quite filled with their satins
and lace.
Oh vanity fair! how foolish thou art!
In showing the glamour thou'rt hiding the
heart.

HOLLYWOOD

Two bachelor brothers of no special fame,
Have reared a home, Hollywood by name.
A Japanese house on a mountain high,
Gold fishes and turtles in a fountain near by.
Many wonderful rooms filled with oriental art,
Embroideries and tapestries which would well
 play a part
In an Emperor's palace or a museum grand.
There's a terraced garden which gives to the
 land
A touch of beauty, which portrays on the whole
That the tenants within possess artistic soul.

CATALINA ISLAND

Avalon, nestled on Catalina's breast,
Whilst "Sugar-loaf" looks on with pride.
Such sea-gardens rare, as here meet our gaze,
We ne'er will encounter 'tho we travel world-
wide.

Our boat steams out from the rocky shore
Where the water is calm and green.
We gaze 'neath the depths fifty feet or more,
Viewing intently the rarest of scenes.
Sea-ferns and moss—now abalone shells,
Then trees with fruit abounding,
Star-fish and others of every hue,
Cucumbers and porcupines their homes sur-
rounding.

They seem very happy these creatures of the
deep.

Quite contented are we for a chance to peep
At their homes far down in the sea;
From our vanities and follies they seem free.

MOUNT LOWE

We're up above the clouds,
In height five thousand feet:
Dizzily we gaze below, and feel that life is sweet.
We reach Alpina Inn, where comfort reigns
supreme,
And watch them feed the hungry bears
Who fat and sleepy seem.
The spruce trees large on the mountain side,
Stretch forth their arms with stately pride,
As if to grant protection here,
And save us from a fate most drear.
We pass the trail of the "mine of gold,"
And think of the many travellers bold
Who climb this mount, year in and out,
To view the country roundabout.
Now we span the canyon's brim,
The flowered hillsides are espied,
The clouds ascend like fearful smoke
As around high bridge we glide.
Now Rubio is reached,
And from the mountain side
The waters rushing downward
Form a flowing tide.

A little farther on
We see the "Devil's bath,"
And seem to hear from out the caves
That giant monster's laugh.
After his task of burning men
He cools himself in this fair glen.

UNIVERSAL CITY

A town of film and actor folk,
Who have their tasks well planned.
They laugh and sport and seem most gay,
But must obey commands.
The villain and the dancing girl
Are best of friends—they flirt and eat,
The cow-boys cheer as their horses tear
With spirit down the street.
Little Zoe Boech in her queer pink frock
Is eagerly waiting her turn;
Miss Peacock's here with raven locks
And eyes where passions burn
Little we think when we see the plays
The labor that's required for many days.

SANTA BARBARA

Beautiful saint and martyr,
Lying on Pacific's shore,
Thy waving palms most graceful,
And hedges blooming evermore.
Stocks, roses, heliotrope,
And calla-lilies everywhere;
Even in the Mission Garden
We behold these flowers fair.
One hundred and thirty years ago
This Mission was begun,
"Tho times have oft tempestuous been.
The altar lights ne'er ceased to burn.
Its pottery and relics,
Indian paintings of the past,
Remind us of the days gone by
When "Red-men" had religion cast
Into a mould by men
Who made them feel that none were right
Unless they thought like them.

DEL MONTE

On the bay, yet in the woodland,
Overlooking Monterey's shore,
Where long past the Spaniard landed,
Shedding much of Indian gore,
Junipero Serra found this Mission,
Which is called "The Carvel" now.
Monterey with many ruins
Is the shrine where tourists bow.
California's oldest buildings, Capitol, and Theatre queer,
Where our song-bird Jenny Lind sang—
Louis Stevenson's home quite near.
His life was short: his fame is great.
We each would be content
If we could leave our foot-prints here
As he did ere he went.
Some pavements here of whalebone made
Most useful are to-day.
To coast we come, and seal rocks see,
Jutting into the bay.
The wind-tossed "cedars of Lebanon" stand
Like sign-posts of the past:
Beckoning and calling us,
While their spell upon us cast.



The wind-tossed "cedars of Lebanon" stand like sign-posts of the past.

BIG TREES

We stand and gaze upon thee,
Thou pigmies of the earth,
And guard with pride the offspring
To whom we've given birth.
Oh! yes our Mother dear,
Thy children will remain
With thee, and never part
Like wandering earthly man.
My children dear, we've stood just here
For near four thousand years,
We've seen the seasons come and go,
The summer's sun, the winter's snow,
And still we're counted peers.
Our trunks are gnarled, our bark is green
With mosses and with fern,
We could some stories now relate
If our history they would learn.
We've sheltered many a traveller here
Until the break of day,
And listened with enraptured ear
To the songster's sweetest lay.
We will not die; but shall remain
A monument to all
The great and good Americans
Who've heard their country's call.

DEL MONTE TO SAN FRANCISCO

Valley of Santa Clara,
Most lovely and fertile art thou,
Thy hillsides dotted with cattle,
Thy fruit-trees with blossoms do bow.
Apricots, peaches and apples,
With acres of strawberries rare.
Mt. Hamilton's seen in the distance,
With the Lick Observatory there.
Stamford University in Paulo Alto stands;
Its grounds are magnificent: its buildings most
grand.
Its chapel a glorious achievement in art.
Its founder had genius and truly a heart.
The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away
his son,
To fill a gap in a broken heart this mighty deed
was done.

SAN FRANCISCO

This City on our Western Coast
Brings vividly to mind
Naples lying on her bay
'Midst scenery sublime.
The City's built on hilly slopes,
The long white archway's there
With tram-cars passing to and fro,
The people debonair.
The orientals in this place
Play quite an interesting part.
We'd leave again not satisfied
'Twere not for their fine art.
Their shops are filled with beauteous things
From smallest price to great;
Their customs queer in home and out
Make us wonder what the fate
Will be of these two nations
Who stand so far apart
In all their ways and actions,
Paralleling only in their art.

There're rocks where sport sea-gulls and lions:
Then Sutro baths quite near:
With numerous tanks and swimming pools,
A park which he held dear:

His idea was a boon to all
The people, now and then
They enter tired, hot and worn,
But leave refreshed again.

OVER THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY TO MOUNT TAMALPAIS

As over the bay we glide,
Thousands of sea-gulls follow our side;
They catch the food which is thrown from the
boat,
And over their feast they greedily gloat.
The Exposition buildings we speedily pass,
And behold the great "Golden Gate" at last!
From afar it looks like a golden door
Opening on hinges from either shore.
Welcoming strangers from every land,
Granting protection, while extending the hand.

TAMALPAIS

To the top of Tamalpais we ascend,
A height of over two thousand feet.
The bay, cities, and ocean as seen below,
Make this charming picture complete.
We make the descent in a "gravity-car."
We don't mind a jolt, we don't mind a jar,
For the sensation's great, the scenery sublime!
The ozone health giving, in this altitude fine.
We curve and we twist, like a snake or an eel,
Each moment a brand new sensation we feel.
The hillsides beside us like green canyon seem,
We loop the double bow-knot, yet all is serene.
Everyone is quite jolly, the sky is clear blue,
We're off for "Muir" woods, which we soon will
walk through.
Our guide's quite a character, a botanist by nature,
He names all the shrubs and each little creature.
We continue our way by a clear flowing stream;
While enjoying dame nature we feel in a dream.

SAN FRANCISCO TO SALT LAKE

Feather Canyon with emerald waters rushing
through thy bed,
Rock-formations, "Castle," "Angel-slide," and
"Elephants' Head,"

We pass thy beauties all and come into the desert
By hottest sun e'er fed,
And later see by nature's hand
The wondrous *great salt-beds*.

Forty-eight hundred acres of this necessary food
for man,

Its use for medicine and bath
Will surely never wane.

The Pioneers passed o'er this waste

Some sixty years or more,

Their leader bold was Brigham Young,

Whom privations ne'er made sore.

He buoyed the courage of them all,

And told them of his vision:

"A valley *fertile, fruitful, peaceful*,"

Then at length he made decision.

He chose a spot quite near the Lake

And bade them till the soil.

They tried the plow, but the hardened earth

Would not reward their toil.

They soaked the ground and tried again,
Then lo! it came to pass
That locusts swarmed upon the land
And made them quite downcast.
'Twas then the miracle occurred
Of which we hear to-day—
The sea-gulls came, devouring them,
Then flew across the bay.
Since then, the increase has been great,
Each year they've richer grown,
The Mormon sect here still remains
Some sixty thousand strong.
They're quiet, thoughtful and sincere,
To do charity they strive.
Their motto's that of the "busy bee,"
And their emblem is the "hive."

BINGHAM COPPER MINE

A great round Copper mountain,
With millions of tons of ore,
Fortunes for hundreds of seekers,
And labor for thousands or more.
First thy entrails are taken from thee,
Then the skin from thy surface goes.
After fifty years more of hard labor,
Thy frame will lie in repose.
The men work and dig with their blasts and their
shovels,
Returning at night to their dingy small hovels.
No luxuries here, not even a bath:
At the thought of such grace they surely would
laugh.
Why should such a sad state remain—I would
know?
A spirit to better their lot let us show.

GARDEN OF THE GODS

A garden of the gods,
But not a flower rare,
Only huge shapes of birds and beast
Are concentrated there.
No waters can be seen,
Yet seal and shark abound.
Huge mushrooms spring from out the earth,
Yet no moisture here is found.
A balanced-rock, two kissing-camels,
A sweet Colonial girl,
Who shyly round the corner peeps
To see this modern world.
An Indian proud—quite petrified
And into granite turned.
A little further on a cave
Where crystals rare are churned.
Stalagmites and stalactites are strewn with
greatest taste
Upon these hard and time worn rocks,
In every form and shape.
The altar, and the miniature trees,
Dante's Inferno looms
In great distinctness next the wall,
Where delicate flowers bloom.

The Canyon from the rocky height
Gives us no fear or start.
We scan the grey-pink mountain side,
With a thrill in every heart.

DENVER

The mocking-bird's not beautiful,
But, oh! what a lovely voice.
The parrot's plumage's brilliant,
But we listen not from choice.
Denver's the *useful* City,
With a climate dry and rare;
The weakened ones from our vast land
Seek health and comfort there.
When entering her City gates of bright electric
lights,
The splendid sign of "Welcome"
Brings cheer into the night.
Hope is the word which leads us on
To victory and health,
God bless thee, Denver, granting thee
Prosperity and wealth!

THE END

